



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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### MARRIAGE.

Every age has its peculiarities, from the fact that nearly every generation has its crusade; and consequently the motives, methods and developments of all issues will be antagonistic to the past, simply because they are *new*.

Our age is peculiar from the prominence it gives to all questions directly or remotely connected with the social harmonies of society. The issue thus far, however, is more critical than philosophic, more antagonistic than constructive, and tends more to *isolation* and extreme than to unity or harmony. The unity of sexism or the harmonies of marriage must be investigated, until it is the gospel of practical life, for there is no department of socialism so fundamental for *good* or *bad*, as the relations necessary to the development of the affections and passions of our being.

A comprehensive philosophy will save many regrets, by keeping in mind the *fact* that *change* is *functional* and fundamental to motion, and life, whatever else it may possess, must from its very nature be *identical* with action. From this point of view, all Nature is one endless system of changes, from simples to compounds, from the primary to the ultimate, until the union of *particles* or *elements* takes place, which may be called its *interchange* or *fluidity*.

Marriage, therefore, is but the Spiritual ultimate of all things capable of association, physical or mental, material or Spiritual.

For the unities and harmonies of material marriage, as developed in the great compounding system of Nature, the reader may find a partial explanation in any good work on agricultural, mineral, or animal chemistry, which as a preliminary study to higher truths we would recommend to all who seek for unity and harmony in the relations of things.

The difference between the *seeming* mechanical harmony of the material world and the lack of fixity and unity in the human world, has given rise to all kinds of crude and unhappy reflections. It does not spring, however, from any difference in the laws of harmony as developed in the two worlds, for to the student of chemistry, the human world is ever mirrored in the lower antagonisms which he finds in the mal-relations of gases and ethers, fluids, solids, and their elements. So too in the animal world. The correspondences are true in the general, and no doubt in the minutiae, could we know its formula with sufficient exactness. The only question therefore with the philosopher, is, what are the qualifying laws of marriage? What are the laws special and general that enter into its harmonies? The first question has been answered from time immemorial, and is so old, that it is *not* only *common place*, but most sadly buried in the folds of its associations, though to the man or woman of harmonic instinct, the word *love* is full of the holiest and most comprehensive melody. The following may be claimed as the associations of the word in a *good* and *pure* sense, which is copied from among the reflections of an old bachelor.

"What is *love*? Metaphysically it is a principle, co-eval and co-existent with Deity, the bases of the universe, for God is love. But practically it is the yearning of the Spirit for a purer, nobler, happier life in united, social, moral, and intellectual existence with a kindred being. Love is like the amaranth; it claims all seasons for its own, it has no autumn, no winter, but one perpetual bloom of beauty, and its Spring reaches on to eternity."

"Love is reciprocal, so that when your love falls upon a heart that can mirror back its like or a greater love in return, you may safely love and know that you are loved; for the image of another's love will be *clueless* to be upon your own heart." This may be called its mental or conceptive stage, and as such, it lives in the minds of most persons in a higher or lower degree.

As however the human world expands by the unfolding of its *interior* rather than by adding to its exterior, as is the law with all material things, it is necessary that conception pass from the world of sentiment and feeling, where it is purely personal or individual, to the world of *fact*, where it becomes mutual and reciprocal. Here is the critical issue; since the first law of *use*, which is *wisdom*, should be in attendance when all such transitions are made. Here commences the war of sentiment with consequences, since any misstep in the transition must be fatal to the harmonies of after life. Unfortunately, however, it too often happens that the necessary wisdom is not only lacking, but a quick and impulsive temperament prompts the possessor to the most extravagant issues. An eternity of feeling lives in all such natures, so far as conception can measure duration, and the bliss of life has all its intensity from the very extravagance of its positiveness. "Love and friendship," wrote Clarinda to Burns, "are words in every one's mouth, but few, very few, *know* or can comprehend their meaning," a complaint only too true, judging from the examples of daily life. The false issues, however, which some modern sophists have made on the "Institution" of marriage, are no more legi-

timate to good sense and sound reasoning, than "total depravity" is consequent to the general relations of social life; because the *whole* question is debatable as soon as the assumption is made, that inharmonies spring from marriage *per se*, instead of its improper combinations and relations.

The whole science of life proves that lack of wisdom is always productive of false and bad relations; for, it is a law of the animal world as well as the Spiritual, that "when the blind lead the blind, both fall in the ditch." And yet, what help or aid can the past experience of the world give, to save the victims of sentiment and impulse from the sad consequences of premature action? Has the law of *consciousness* any *magic* powers, by which to infuse into the Spirits the necessary caution in choice? To suggest the proper qualification and education to person choosing? are all left to seek their associations by the undeveloped and unexplained light of like and dislike? Most surely! The world of sentiment to-day is as *blind* as it ever was. If any doubt it, let him or her open their ears and eyes to the sayings which social tumult has made somewhat common to the age.

Marriage with all its blessed harmonies is compared to a "lottery" by some; to one good among hundreds of bad by others;—while others still, reckless of all caution, talk of choosing a wife or husband blindfold, and marrying the first that chance may bring to hand,—regardless of age, education, temperament or position, simply to express in a strong way the lack of any fixed rules or method, by which to make a better selection than could be had by any of the above chances. This, however, is the *confusion* of a perception, as superficial and shallow as ignorance and impulse could well develop. Nor has it been confined to the mere observer of external facts; since some of our first *thinkers*, men and women, are still uncertain whether it is *best* to educate the female mind and body beyond the conventional necessity of the times, so uncertain, and disproportioned has been the social happiness of some of the most gifted women. Could there be any doubt on this subject, history and biography is full of detail to bring conviction to the doubter. Mary Wollstonecraft, a nobler than whom has seldom walked the earth, either for *genius*, heroism, delicacy of feeling, or the more stately and massive characteristics of intellectual wealth—is a most marked and sadly illustrative case. She, that had seen life in so many phases as to comprehend the *needs* of woman, while yet young, became the inspired apostle of Woman's Rights and wrote her "Vindication," which we *doubt* not has warned the aspirations of many of our modern agitators on the same subject. She, who in her day was the ready competitor with the celebrated Edmund Burke, for the fame and affections of England's people, as well as the champion of political rights and popular liberty,—knew so poorly how to elaborate character, that in giving her soul's best and holiest affections to another, she gave them only to see them in time *neglected* and *rejected*.

The reader, to understand her case, should get a copy of her "Rights of Women," to which is prefixed a brief sketch of her life. These few facts, however, will help to explain. Mary W., during the labors of an active intellectual life as teacher and translator, had abundant opportunity of knowing the past and the then present education and development of her sex. It was a painful subject to her to think of—but oh! how humiliating when she saw that the ecclesiastical and theologic dogmas of society made it imperative for her to submit to the same formula which had crushed so many in the relations of marriage. She associated the abuse with the "institution," and considered *disobedience* the natural result of any and all *union* that was brought and kept together by a formula so useless for good, and tyrannical in its oppressions. She became an "individual" and a "sovereign," in opposition to the conventionalisms of the age.

She loved, but would have no *law* but the purity and affections of her own Nature to keep the "union" whole and sacred. She went to France with him she loved, where freedom to the "individual" was of a more radical and democratic kind than England could afford to give. Here she hoped for happiness, and all things seemed to say *amen* to her holy aspirations.

But time brought the sad conviction to her Spirit that she was like to be disappointed, as her "lover-husband" had left and returned to England under the plea of "business." This separation, though it lasted but a short time, was the tomb of her love. It was but too true, her selection was a *soul mistake*. He who had been blessed with a confidence as pure in affection as it was elevated by moral heroism, was *unworthy* of the noble gift. We can well comprehend why she wished for death, without thinking for a moment of *shame*! Shame! she was above it!

"She was not born to shame! Upon her brow shame was ashamed to sit; For it was a throne where honor may be crowned Sole monarch of the universal earth."

No! her *abused* confidence was *death* to her,—so that suicide was resolved upon and attempted twice, but prevented from any catastrophe by the watchful care of others. No wonder she said:

"Love, dear delusion! Rigorous reason has forced me to resign; and now my rational prospects are blasted, just as I have learned to be contented with rational enjoyment."

This unhappy, *unwise* and melancholy part of her life blasted much of her after bliss, though she lived to know another and a wiser love. Still the sad mistake of her youth was ever like a dark cloud over the memories of her loves and the past. It was no small sentimentalism that made this strong-minded woman sad and sorrowing evermore;

for though every effort in keeping with the times were made to cheer and console her, still "a *huge, great grief*" was ever present to her sensitive nature. While traveling through Norway, Sweden and Denmark, the letters she sent home give the most convincing proof that her soul was sad, and melancholy had full sway by times over her sensitive nature.

She writes to a friend of her daughter, and the future in this hopeless strain: "I feel more than a mother's fondness and anxiety when I reflect on the dependent and oppressed state of her sex. I dread lest she should be forced to sacrifice her *heart* to her principles, or her principles to her heart. With trembling hand I shall cultivate sensibility and cherish delicacy of sentiment, lest while I lend fresh blushes to the rose, I sharpen the thorns that will wound the breast I would fain guard. I dread to *unfold* her mind, lest it should render her *wit* for the world she is to inhabit. Happy woman! what a fate is thine!"

Pure to her memory among the children of earth, for the harmonies of heaven have long since wiped away all tears and silenced all regrets. The sad experience of this gifted woman should be more generally known in this age of "individualism," when marriage is classed among the "obsolete humbugs" of a barbarous past. In an age when recklessness is getting to be a fashion, and just a synonym for love. What we have written, however, is more to awaken thought on the *fact*, that while every novel, sermon, dissertation on morals, manners, customs, &c., philosophic or otherwise, in papers and books of all kind, *good* and *bad*, *big* and *little*, speaks of love, we know of no system as yet, that has given the first rational hopes for a better future, except it be found in the religion of Jesus and the philosophy of Phenology. This is *all-sufficient*, if it was practically studied and generally known; but for ourselves, we are free to say, we would give more for the *honest* opinion of a good practical phenologist, as an aid in securing our future happiness were *about* to marry, by making us better acquainted with the nature and general character of the lady and ourselves, than if we spent *ten* years in courtship as it is now practiced in genteel society.

To elaborate these reflections, we give the following from one of the purest of modern writers, as it will show the *necessity* of such caution in the premises, as to divest the mind of that recklessness now popular on marriage.

We have little *faith*, however, in anything that does not go deeper into life than mere *promise*. Because what is organic and constitutional will be the *law*—above and beyond all others.

The criticisms now so general on the many phases of the marriage question, will be productive of ultimate and lasting good; though at first it may give *license* to lust and prompt the impulsive and thoughtless to many false conclusions regarding sexism;—but in this as in many other things "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,—rough how them as we may."

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.  
See her Life, by Wm. Godwin.  
Letters from Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

### THE EVENING BEFORE MARRIAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.  
"We shall certainly be very happy together!" said Louise to her aunt, on the evening before her marriage, and her cheeks glowed with a deeper red and her eyes shone with delight. When a bride says *yes*, it may easily be guessed whom, of all persons in the world, she meant thereby.

"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her aunt; "see only that you *continue* happy together!" "O, who can doubt that we shall continue!" I know myself. I have faults, indeed, but my love for him will correct them. And so long as we love each other, we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow old."

"Alas!" sighed her aunt, "thou dost speak like a maiden of nineteen on the day before her marriage, in the intoxication of wishes fulfilled, of high hopes and happy omens. Dear child, remember this—*even the heart in time grows cold*. Days will come when the magic of the senses shall fade; and when this enchantment has fled, then it first becomes evident whether we are truly worthy of love. When custom has made familiar the charms that are most attractive, when youthful freshness has died away, and with the brightness of domestic life, more and more shadows have mingled, then Louise, and not till then, can the wife say of her husband, 'He is worthy of love'; then, first, the husband says of the wife, 'She blooms in imperishable beauty.' But, truly, on the day before marriage, such assertions sound so *luscious* to me!"

"I understand you, dear aunt. You would say that our mutual virtues alone can in later years give us worth for each other. But is not he to whom I am to belong—for of myself I can boast of nothing but the best intentions—is he not the worthiest, noblest of all the young men of the city? Blooms not in his soul every virtue that tends to make life happy?"

"My child," replied her aunt, "I grant it. Virtues bloom in these days as well as in him; I can say this to thee without flattery. But, my dear heart, they bloom only, and are not ripened beneath the sun's heat and the shower. No blossoms deceive the expectations more than these. We can never tell in what soil they have taken root. Who knows the concealed depths of the heart?"

"Ah, dear aunt, you frighten me!" "So much the better, Louise. Such fear is right, such fear as it should be on the evening before marriage. I love thee, tenderly, and will, therefore, declare all my thoughts on this subject without disguise. I am not as yet an old aunt. At seven and twenty years, one still looks forward into life with pleasure, the world still presents a bright side to us. I have an excellent husband. I am happy. Therefore, I have the right to speak thus to thee, and to call thy attention to a secret which perhaps thou dost not yet know, one which is not often spoken to a young and pretty maiden; one, indeed, which does not greatly occupy the thoughts of a young man, and still it is of the utmost importance in every household; a secret from which alone springs lasting love and unalterable happiness."

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both of hers. "Dear aunt! you know I believe you in

everything. You mean that enduring happiness and lasting love are not insured to us by accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but only by those virtues of the mind that we bring to each other. These are the best dowry which we can possess; these never become old."

"As it happens, Louise, the virtues also, like the beauties of the body, can grow old, and become repulsive and hateful with age."

"How, dearest aunt! What is it you say? Name to me a virtue which can become hateful with years."

"When they have become so, we no longer call them virtues; as a beautiful maiden can no longer be called beautiful, when time has changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But, aunt, the virtues are nothing earthly."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid indolence and listlessness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes imperious rudeness."

"And modest diffidence?"

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride?"

"To vulgar flatteriness."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Becomes a habit of too ready friendship and servility."

"Dear aunt, you make me almost angry. My future husband can never degenerate thus. He has one virtue which will preserve him as he is, forever;—a deep sense of indestructible feeling for everything that is great, and good, and noble, dwells in his bosom. And this delicate susceptibility to all that is noble dwells in me also, I hope, as well as in him. This is the innate pledge and security for our happiness."

"But if it should grow old with you, if it should change to hateful excitability,—and excitability is the worst enemy to matrimony. You both possess sensibility. That I do not deny; but beware lest this grace should degenerate into an irritable and quarrelsome mortal."

"Ah, dearest, if I might never become old, I could then be sure that my husband would never cease to love me."

"Thou art greatly in error, dear child! Wert thou always as fresh and beautiful as today, still thy husband's eye would by custom of years become indifferent to these advantages. Custom is the greatest enchantment in the world, and in the house of one of the most benevolent of fairies. She renders that which is the most beautiful, as well as the ugliest, familiar. A wife is young, and becomes old; it is custom which hinders the husband from perceiving the change. On the contrary, did she remain young, while he became old, it might bring consequences, and render the man in years jealous. It is better as kind providence has ordered it. Imagine that thou hadst grown to be an old woman, and thy husband were a blooming youth, how wouldst thou then feel?"

Louise rubbed her chin, and said, "I cannot tell."

Her aunt continued: "But I will call thy attention to a secret which—"

"That is it," interrupted Louise hastily, "that is it which I long so much to hear."

Her aunt said: "Listen to me attentively: What I now tell thee, I have proved. It consists of *two parts*. The first part, of the means to render a marriage happy, of itself prevents every possibility of dissension, and would even at last make the spider and the fly the best of friends with each other. The second part is the best and surest method of preserving feminine attractions."

"Ah," exclaimed Louise. "The first part, of the means, then: in the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take thy bridegroom, and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a solemn vow in return. Promise one another secretly, *never, not in mere jest, to wrangle with each other*; never to bandy words or to indulge in the least ill-humor. *Never!* I say; never. Wrangling, even in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor, merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, *never to have a secret from each other*, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must, continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You too, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you, will form a partner, and stand between you two! That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this simple secret, and straightway practiced it, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardor. "I feel that I must be a woman of confidence in the absence of the married, even after wedlock, are two strangers who do not know each other. It should be so; without this, there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best preservative of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled and said: "We may not conceal from ourselves that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than an ill-looking one, and the men are pleased with us when we are pretty. But what can call beautiful, what in the man pleases us, and in us pleases the man, is not skin and hair, and shape and color, as in a picture or a statue, but it is the character, it is the soul that is within these, which enchants by looks and words, earnestness, and joy, and sorrow. The men admire us the more they suppose those virtues of the mind to exist in us which the outward promises, and we think a malicious man disagreeable, however graceful and handsome he may be. Let a young maiden, then, who would preserve her beauty, preserve but that purity of soul, those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues, in short, by which she first drew her lover to her feet. And the first preservative of virtue, to render it unchanging and keep it ever young, is *religion*, that inward union with the Deity and eternity, and faith—is piety, that walking with God—so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent to mortals."

"See, dear heart," continued the aunt, "there are virtues which arise out of mere experience. These grow old with time, and after, because, by change of circumstances and inclination, prudence does not always keep pace with that of our years and passions. But religious virtues can never

change; these remain eternally the same, because our God is always the same, and that eternity the same, which we and those who love us, are hastening to enter. Preserve, then, a mind innocent and pure, looking for everything from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain, for which thy bridegroom to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic; I am thy aunt of seven and twenty. I love all rational amusements. But for this very reason I say to thee, be a dear, good Christian, and thou wilt a mother; yes, as a grandmother, he still beautiful."

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and wept in silence, and whispered, "I thank thee, angel."

**FASHION IN AND OUT OF CHURCH.**  
Though "all things in their course must change," and fashions pass away, it by no means follows that an indiscriminate warfare should be made on every thing, because it is, or has been subject to *abuse*. Fashion is but the *external* of some very important faculties of the mind, and wisely or unwisely, is the best *practical* exposition the age possesses of what is *called* the beautiful in dress, manners and etiquette. The desire to be *beautiful* is as native to the human mind as the desire to be wise, good and lovable; and as such, converts every man and woman in some degree into the artist—since every effort to harmonize the proportions, quantities, qualities and colors of dress, hair and ornaments worn by the person, is but another *form* of appropriating the beauties, harmonies and good taste of painting, sculpture and poetry to the development of actual life. This is plain to the Harmonial philosopher, and brings with every advance, new hope for progress and the future.

To the mere critic, however, it is productive neither of hope nor culture—simply because he sees abuse, only, where the Spiritualist finds positive proof for progress, in the *partial* development of its general characteristics. Where, however, "fashion" makes *itself* absurd, it must reform, and by virtue of a better education, awake to new life and beauty.

Fashion, in its relations to the Church and Religion, has ever been and will continue to be a stumbling block to the thoughtful and food for mirth and ridicule to the unreflecting; because the undeveloped mind can see the sharp points of life sooner than its harmonies,—its antagonisms rather than its beauties.

Still, religion requires that the service of God should not be profaned by the vanities and empty formalities of any combination of style or taste, since it is not in the dress of the body, but in the *address* of the Spirit to the Almighty Mind, that we are to find the blissful harmonies of worship. The *inconsistency*, however, is more marked when we remember the *moral duties* which all religions enforce on its professors,—as we live not only for the realization of good in self, but in helping others to do likewise. Here is where the cynic and satirist—the selfish man and frivolous woman—find excuse for every short-coming in character and conduct,—since the followers of Jesus who profess so much, do so little. Surely it is not only a *shame*, but a *barbarous folly*—yes a moral insanity—to spend millions of dollars in building temples for worship, when in the street—yes, at the very church door—are to be found those who suffer for the necessities of daily need. God and the angels speed the day! when a sense of the beautiful, a love of refinement, and the moral harmonies of Religion, will be "all in all," that goodness, kindness and love may be found in the general relations of daily life.

We invite attention, therefore, to the following, from the "Philadelphia Register," in hope it may assist to develop the much needed reform:—

**FASHION IN CHURCHES.**—There was a time when fashion, in the generally received sense of the word, was confined to the parlor, ball-room and promenade, and only dared to issue its edicts to restrain the actions of simpering belles and brainless coxcombs of the *beau monde*. As long as its votaries confined themselves to the exactitude of the dress and the style of conversation, which might be regarded among the *costs* as perfectly proper, it was provocative of laughter, and gave a ready delightfulness to society, which persons with a larger modicum of sense could hardly enjoy. It was another hue added to the variegated web of life, and delicately contrasting with the strong coloring of active manhood, in the busy pursuit of wealth and fame. But, by slow degrees, it has widened the sphere of its influence, and imperceptibly insinuated its authority into the more important avocations of every-day life. It has at last reached the sanctuary, and modifies the religion of the present day. Even the form of the edifice has become a matter of the deepest concern to the multitude who are to worship within its walls. Long, anxious months are consumed, in congregational meetings, held to discuss the vital question, whether the last maniac architect shall frame in phrenzy, the plan of a cruciform distortion bearing about the same proportion to St. Peter's or St. Paul's as a pea-nut to a pyramid, or whether good sense shall assert her rights, and, in defiance of a prophetic warning of woe to the nation, wisely with marriageable daughters, erect a new and suitable building, not wanting in comfort and convenience, but innocent of the tinsel *bi-jouterie* which "cannot but make the judicious grieve." It is needless to add that the latter party on such occasions, are invariably a contemptible minority.

"In the fullness of time, the architectural atrocity is complete. Damask and gilt conspire to make it as much unlike a house of God, as the nature of those articles will allow. An organ, combining all the startling effects of a brass-band, is located in some unexpected nook, and boys of tender age, or ladies of worn-out operatic notoriety are engaged to amuse the audience with a fantasia before service. A clime of bells ring out the quiet stillness of the Sabbath air, familiar tunes, and giddy girls bound up the marble steps to a Strauss-like tintinnabulation. Within, stained glass throws a grey twilight over every object, and the atmosphere is resobant with the pattering of tiny feet as they troop along the tiled aisles, on the crush of silks, too flowing in their proportions to effect an easy and unobstructed entrance into the narrow door-way of the cushioned and carpeted pews.

Female heads of families repose in dignified grandeur at the maternal end of the seat, and whisper to equally imposing mothers adjoining, which, to say truth, is not usually in character with the sacredness of the place. Fascinating misses of 'sweet sixteen,' or thereabouts, make a vigorous assault upon a neighboring bonnet, or express bewitching regrets that the horrid dress-maker should have failed to send home a *Chantilly Tulle*, or a watered silk *basque*. "Solid men," with heavy watch-seals and shiny bald heads, just give a thought to the Parker Vein, or Hudson River Stock, before the parson is seated; the organ sounds 'an *alarm of trumpets*,' and an alto scream from the choir, after considerable prolongation, is suddenly drowned by a roar of *basso profundo*, ably assisted by the full force of the organ; now

then, as if every one were fully prepared, a general scrub-race of noise and music, innocent of the slightest trace of harmony, ensues, where the organ easily distances every competitor, and the affair is brought to an unexpected stop by the loudest possible 'Amen.' This being the most important part of the Sunday morning proceedings, a short service is followed by a short sermon, and a bored audience gracefully rolls out of the open portals, to seek homeward, the female portion to exhibit their beautifully expressive visages all bonneted and shawled, behind the transparent plate glass of front parlor windows. Thus ends the religious life of the fashionable world, and assuredly it were better, did this hollow mockery never interfere with the triviality of this lavender-colored existence.

"It is not expected that this age should return to the nasal dialect and Hebraic names of Puritanic times—that career of the earth should shelter, and the waving forests sway their branches over bending worshippers—that our visaged men should pour forth groaning petitions, with weapons of defence firmly clasped in strong, right hands—and a militant church force unpopular doctrines upon unwilling subjects: all this is past, and for such things there is no resurrection. The Spirit of the age has soared beyond such medieval bigotry, and claims for every man, 'freedom to worship God.' But worse even than this, will it be for the morality of the age if the sanctified formality of *ten*, usurps the dominion of sacred things, and there be introduced into religion the baleful influences that have rendered society a maze of hypocrisy and distrust. The modes of thought that benefit the ball-room, are out of place in a Bethel. The gravity and solemnity of devotion must not be interrupted by anything that leads the mind to wander off into the secular. Further than this, the church door must cease to be a place where engagements, mercantile or social, are made for the ensuing week, and where headless boys, in the incipient stages of gallantry, collect to oggle and criticise the dress and carriage of every lady who may be forced to endure their insolent and officious scrutiny. Sermons must smack a little more of the gospel, and less of scientific and satirical, before they can be expected to effect their original design, and a general remodeling of sanctuary etiquette must be had, omitting some of the polish, and introducing in its stead a living Spirit, to give to its now dormant energies, a healthy tone and a genuine life."

"It is useless for professing Christians to bewail the spread of Infidelity and vice, while such things exist. One thorough-paced *fashionable* Christian, we venture to say, will drive more doubters into Infidelity than a thousand Bible discussions. The monstrous difference between profession and practice, noticeable in such men, is more than enough to stagger the belief of the most strong-minded, and introduce into the church a more pernicious and the humbler example of the holiest believer in the lower walks of life. Instead of the bitter and relentless warfare so universally waged against lax religious opinions, a better system of tactics would be, to ferret out and expose the latent treason at home, and eradicate from Christianity itself that bastard and deformed imitation, which, by its transparent hypocrisy, brings disrepute upon the system and its followers. After the beam is removed, there will be little difficulty in discovering a mote."

**SOCIAL EVILS—WOMAN TO BLAME.**—The New-York Times has a very good article about the social career of that city, and exposes the cancer of extravagance that is festering upon the vitals of society:

"A great part of this tremendous evil is due to our women. It is hard to think it—it is harder to write it—but, nevertheless, it is plain, honest truth. They are the money-mad creatures; they and their silks, wines, carpets, hangings, and equipages—and in them are swallowed up the disasters. Psalms for the souls—Lithurgies of Sorrow—Requiem of death—anything in the way of thunder and lightning would be, just now, the next thing to a gospel, if it could arouse our women to arrest the enormous drafts they are making on the Exchequer of the world."

The wasteful expenditures in domestic life are told fearfully on other aspects of society. Thousands of young men are now prevented from marrying because of the extravagant scale of living. Happy those who were married twenty-five years ago—thrice happy such as gained social position and comfortable ease before Mammon undertook to guard the portals of society! But in these days on a few hundreds of dollars, but in these days thousands have to take their place. The next step is to provide substitutes. What these are, the world knows. Alas, for the victims! The waters of that Dead Sea which roll over Sodom and Gomorrah are daily engulfing them among the licentious generations that sink sunk before them."

Where are we to stop? Every season there must be a score of fathoms added to the line that measures those abysses. A fine house provides a finer. A gorgeous drawing-room and splendid entertainment beget a more magnificent show. The steps are short from bricks to sandstone; from sandstone to marble; from a silver service to a gold service. Ingenuity is hard at work. Genius is pledged to gay women. A while longer, and before we shall light our cigars with ten dollar bills, and drink dissolved pearls for a dinner beverage."

**ADVICE TO YOUTH, GRATIS.**—In climbing a ladder, always look up! never down; for in doing the latter, a fall is imminent. So in life; aim to keep company with those above you, rather than those beneath you, in intellectual capacity and acquirement. Emulate your superiors. If you can't find them, you are blind; and if you *won't* find them, you are not fitted for their society, and had better at once turn your attention to the reduction of the dimensions of your ears, and immerse your muddy faculties in the mysteries of immoderate, or putty making.—*Lowell News*.



## A NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.

When charity becomes a part of moral life, and her convictions of duty expand into the practical precepts of social and intellectual intercourse, there will no doubt be a very different style of criticism, and a more comprehensive method of explaining individual peculiarities. As it is, however, we have to think, judge and make estimate of things and men from the sphere of personal culture and social harmonies, which in many cases reflect the most absurd conclusions, the subject matter itself being true.

The thinking world has been for centuries impressed with the necessity of some discriminative code of laws, by which to try the aberrations and crudities of the dreamer and the theorist, since to the mind of large receptivity in the sphere of causes, there is much *prima* resulting from partial, angular and antagonistic idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of method, as there is in the *social* world, from the ineffectual and bad manners of an uneducated but money-proud aristocracy.

As yet, however, there has been little more than a compromise, which in many cases expresses the existing dislike, by some sarcasm, insinuation or humorous display of personal peculiarities, so that *isolation* is still the position of some of our best thinkers. This state of things must ever be productive of regrets to the lover of truth and the worker for progress, since it keeps the battle of *logic* and *method* ever before the mind, producing uncertainty and misgivings, rather than ascertained results and conclusions. Much of this results, not from a lack of knowledge, but from a sickly and feverish desire some minds have to be *original* in their conceptions and theories. We like the word *improvement* better than that of originality; for while the latter is ever suggestive of absurdity to the well read man and woman, the former expresses the exact benefit which the introduction of all *phases* of thought have been to the age or the ages. Intellectually, therefore, the critic, (when humane in feeling) is in very much the same position as *Portia*, whose living "*will*" was "*curb'd*" by a "*dead father*," as each finds that

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: It is easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold degree."

Amid such a state of things it will not be surprising to find "ups and downs and alterations, bran new plans and speculations," even among the builders of the Spiritual and harmonic philosophy.

So much we wish to premise, before we introduce a new phase of Spiritualism, which we find in the Daily Tribune of August 29.

Some one, who seems to be indulging in a laugh on the sly, gives quite a full report of a Lecture, with some free criticisms on Modern Spiritualism, which from their peculiarity may need a word before we notice the lecture. It seems the reporter is conscious of a difference in phases of Spiritualism, since in making mention of the movements and peculiarities of some Society, which he is pleased to call "*Hippocrits*" by analogy to the subject of the discourse, though the real name is kept a profound secret, he makes the necessary distinction between it and other associations of Spiritualists in the following words:—

"This Society is not to be confounded with that in which Judge Edmonds and Senator Tallmadge are conspicuous. It differs from it as the Pythagorean school did from that of the later Sophists."

We cannot say the whole thing is *circled*, since the reporter has given a name to the society, and no doubt it has a "*local habitation*," though we are free to say, we are "*know-nothings*" on the subject.

Equally unfortunate are we in comprehending the meaning of the following, without the writer wishes to laugh some one out of some absurdities of style and method; as the reader however may be more fortunate, we submit it for his examination.

"It could not therefore have been expected that this valuable lecture could, during the present generation, have been got hold of by the public in the ordinary course: the profound discussions listened to by this Society are in fact as well guarded from vulgar appropriation as if they had a place in the *Smithsonian publications*, if that term can be applied to books which have been printed and put on the shelves of the Smithsonian Institute, not for the use of the present generation, but of future antiquarians, like the subterranean relics recently brought to light which have revealed to us the possession of knowledge by the Ancient Romans, of which we have no trace in the classical writings handed down to us. The reader will be disappointed therefore if he should look for any thing in this discourse of the popular science of the present day, by which I mean that sort of knowledge which is to be obtained from itinerant lecturers, debates of scientific conventions, conversations of historical societies and the like."

We would *not* have spent so much time with the introduction, did we not wish to *know* who the learned lecturer is, because there is so much of the "*oracle*" in his reasoning, that we should be glad to give publicity to his name, were it possible to divine it from the above. The more, as we find some remarks in the lecture to us of a very objectionable kind. To be sure, in an age of individualism, when many of both sexes seem possessed of a mania to be known to posterity, not only as reformers, but as Solomons or Platons, it is but reasonable to expect that large liberties will be taken both with sense and philosophy, as well as with the principles they may be attempting to explain and establish.

To this there can be no objection, when the *individual* is known, but we make a solemn protest against any one's using the name of Spiritualism for the purpose of forcing his or her crudities into notice.

We have *faith* to believe that, in the progress of time, man will be developed beyond the best conceptions *now* entertained by our most advanced minds; still we cannot see *properly, sense or philosophy* in making such issue with the developed humanity of any time, present or past, as we find in the following:

"Those who are endowed with Spiritual vision seem to be enlightened beyond their predecessors; so highly gifted are they that they have no need of what has been heretofore revealed. The Bible itself they think was only intended as a help when the human mind was comparatively rude; and when the present advanced state of knowledge and intellectual power, is of no further use. The teachings of Christ, although a great advance upon what had been before revealed, are deemed by them inadequate to the exigency of the present age."

"The explanation of this new development which I propose to give, will, I trust, be ranked among those discoveries in science which make epochs in history. Hereafter the pursuit of Spiritual illumination will be as plain and the course of preparation as easy as the elementary studies of the common schools."

The estimate made by the learned lecturer of the teachings of Jesus, as "*inadequate to the ex-*

gencies of the age," is not only very *cool*, but very presumptuous and dogmatic, for two reasons.

1st. It is not self-evident to us that this learned gentleman comprehends the great principles of the philosophy of Jesus, much less the detail, which would spring into being by the application of his principles of love and kindness to the *needs* of practical life. Notwithstanding the fact, that the name of Jesus has been before the *so-called* civilized world for over eighteen centuries, it is no less true that the philosophy of Jesus is but poorly understood, intellectually and morally, and Spiritually hardly known.

There is a very significant reason for this lack of appreciation on the part of the *many*, since intellectualisms and antagonisms express the advance and development of civilization.

2d. Before anything can be called "*inadequate*," there should be a perfect trial, according to the obvious desire of the author, since without such exact justice in the premise, nothing can be considered good or adequate, that does not take *success* into fellowship, and make it identical with its very being. The difference between the cactus and the aloe in the vegetable kingdom is one of time, since they grow by the same law of nutrition, but their extremes are no more marked than must be the difference in time between the birth of a principle and its application to the necessities of society.—Where the analogies of nature teach modifications of growth and progress, the law sustaining them being *good*, it were but a small display of philosophic insight into the economies of Nature to wait its culmination in universal being, although some department of life may have passed into a higher development. To drop the figure, we approach the number is small who find the teachings of Jesus to be "*inadequate*" to the developing of better feelings—better motives and a more comprehensive estimate of the significance and beauty of Spiritual life in them, although there may be many, so far below its first principles as to be insensible of the harmonies and perfections of its full growth, as well as its ultimate expansion and development.

Whether the learned lecturer is of that class who has outgrown the law of love and human fellowship, we may learn before we have done. In passing judgment of *education* on any and all systems, there is a primary point to be settled, which involves the question of the goodness or badness of any philosophy, because of its adaptation to my *personal* feelings, or to the feelings of the many, composing the universal brotherhood. Some such test must be made, since by any other, the exceptions would destroy the "laws of order," and leave us nothing but a cold and selfish individualism, whose God is a critical intellectuality. That the lecturer is one of this class, is very evident from the judgment he passes on the less fortunate and gifted of his brothers, if the following expresses his true idea and estimate of human development. He says:—

"In speculating upon the influence of one mind over another, we should bear in mind that the power is much greater for a bad purpose than a good one, there being a natural proclivity of the human mind to evil."

We may be wrong, but we are impressed that this philosophy comes from a very exclusive school of orthodoxy, and savors more of the "*elect*" precious," than of the humanities of Spiritualism. Indeed, we don't well see what keeps the gentleman among Spiritualists; for we are conscious he would get the right hand of fellowship in any of the churches, where "*total depravity*" was a "*cardinal point of belief*," if he would present the above lines as a certificate of membership. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the humane and sympathizing language of a Spirit so pure, so far removed from the possibility of contamination, that out of the fullness of its being and from the excess of its own wealth of soul, it can not only associate with, but give the helping hand to the poor and needy, that they might find rest to their souls.

It must be, that much study is not only wearisome to the flesh, but injurious to the *brain*, since it is an observable *fact*, that in proportion to the progress made in mastering hard names, dates and theories, in that proportion do such men forget the happy spontaneity of soul, which "*long, long ago*," made music all the day long and sweetened night with the recall of the blissful visions that mingled with the day-dream of its being.

Blessed simplicity of confiding youth! that out of the abundance of its own bright and happy Spirit can weave the golden hopes to beautify a rich humanity. Oh! man of words and formula—"long philosophy" on a *page*, beside the antique publications in the "*Smithsonian Institute*," rather than let its fantastic images hem in the native vigor and cheerfulness of thy Spirit, by shutting out the *sun-light* and *star-light* of this God-given day, into which the skeleton past comes for translation and elimination. Wake! man, from the fragments of intellectual life into the fair proportions of an unfolding harmony, where soul and sense combine to make perpetual life the rich reward of a cheerful and joyous Spirit, instead of casting the grim visages of an undeveloped humanity into the *iron moulds* of a poverty-stricken and barren conception, which men in their ignorance had called philosophy, when indeed and in fact they were revealing their own depravity—since the law is universal—"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

## "IS MAN A FREE AGENT?"

This question has been asked so often, that like many other questions, it is getting to be "*tabooed*." Still, as a very important department of philosophy, it must be examined, investigated, and discussed, until some practical and satisfactory explanation be given to society of the truth or falsity of the issue.

Most of our laws, criminal and otherwise, rest upon this dogma of "*free agency*," which cannot be *altered* until a clearer and deeper philosophy explains *how* far man is free—how far he is *not*. To suggest thought, we insert the following from the McCurtain Herald:

"A man is circumscribed in all his ways by the providence of God, just as he is in a ship; for although the man walk freely upon the decks, or pass up and down the little continent, yet he must be carried whither the ship bears him. A man hath nothing free but his will, and that indeed, is guided by laws and reasons; and, although by this he walks freely, yet Divine Providence is the ship, and God is the Pilot, and the contingencies of the world are sometimes like the fierce winds, which carry the whole event of things whither God pleases."

When we see birds, at the approach of Fall, anointing their plumage with oil, to shield off the drops, should it remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from entering our hearts?

A man sees what he ought to be a considerable time before he is what he ought to be, and the intermediate time must needs be a time of labor and trouble, because the man is as it were disjoined, one principle not being in agreement with another. The passage from seeing to being answers to the six days labor mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures; when a man is what he has previously seen he ought to be, then he has arrived at the blessed Sabbath or seventh day."

## TO REV. MR. FENNELL, GLENS FALLS.

DEAR SIR:—While studying your sermon, with the hope of finding some principles—intellectual, moral or religious—by which I may discover your relation to the sphere of truth and philosophy, I am constantly reminded of an *apothegm* which informs me, that "to apologise for the guilty is a *happy way to justify* *alumni* against the *innocent*," since I find you always making the most sophisticated and Jesuitical issues with Spiritualism, the better to convince "your people" that their "*ignorance is bliss*," their *folly wisdom*, and their *prejudice* the veritable intuitions of the "*Holy Ghost*."

If you mean not so, I cannot comprehend the aim and Spirit of your whole sermon; for, while you shrink from all the responsibilities consequent to a belief, good or bad, in the premise, you never lose sight of your subject from the lawyer point of view, and adopt the most inconsistent and contradictory methods of explanation. Heretofore, you have been fighting the assumption of "demonic" possessions, and Devilism in general; but finding that rather *too much* of a good thing, you ignore any such conclusion as your own, and as you are bound to give some explanation of the phenomena or accept the Spiritual conclusion,—you now come to the sphere of earth and to earthly influences to account for the whole thing. Your language is as follows:—"Many experiments have been made, which seem strongly to confirm the view that the sources of all the communications made are wholly in *embodied Spirits*. Mediums themselves have affirmed that they can get just such communications as they wish, and that though they are sometimes unconscious of what they are writing, the communications, from some automatic action of their own minds, generally accord with their own views, so that when they change their views, they contradict what they have previously said."

As the assumption in the above is an "*old one*," and has been answered frequently by others, I present the following extract, which is taken from a review of an "exposé" of Spiritualism, which appeared in the Walworth County (Wis.) Reporter of June 17. The author of the "exposé" is the Rev. H. Whitcher of Rochester, N. Y., of whom the reviewer says:—

"He charges the whole to Mesmerism, and Mesmerism to electricity, by which electricity is made a very intellectual fluid. But it is beyond his *ken* to show how electricity can produce such results. And we think if he had consulted some of the ablest professors of electricity in the United States, who declare that it is *not* electricity, he would not have been quite so confident. He has doubtless done as he advises others—keep away. Of course he has seen nothing, and judges without evidence. Blinded by sectarianism, superstition, bigotry and ignorance, he has taken cant for argument, denunciation for logic, and simple assertion for proof. This will fail to convince any one who has seen these strange phenomena, or keep any one from investigating the subject."

For fear, however, that you, in common with many others, should take advantage of the *noise* made by the publication of the late work of Dr. Dods, and believe yourself safe in the above assumption because you have borrowed it from him, I wish you to read the following extract, which I take from a review of his book, published in the Georgetown Advocate, July 11:

"Dr. Dods is a witness against 'Spiritualism.' His work has been trumpeted far and wide as somewhat a demolisher of the 'ism' which it attacks. In carrying on his argument and warfare, however, he assumes as admitted truths and facts, things about as incredible as the assumptions of the Spiritualists themselves. He seems to be a firm believer in the alleged facts of mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc., yet utterly fails to clear up, or demonstrate the boundary line separating their obscure domain from the other, or 'Spiritual' obscurity. He discredits the theories or vagaries of Judge Edmonds, A. J. Davis, Reichenbach, etc., yet reposes full credit in Swedenborg, the Seeress of Prevorst, Zschokke, etc. He thus leaves one to infer that, with all his hypothesis, and its explanations, he too is groping, like those whom he takes in hand, in obscure, dark, and unknown paths."

You will perceive from these remarks, that your assumption, as well as the authorities on which it is predicated, are alike obnoxious to good sense and common honesty; for these reviews were not written by Spiritualists, but persons who, using their intelligence for a better purpose than "*special pleading*," speak the honest convictions of their mind like *men*.

I know it is sometimes expensive to have a "*conscience*," since Archbishop Pally could not afford to have one, but I do indulge in the hope that the Spirit of the times is somewhat changed, and that you and many positioned like you should not allow a physical conscience to make cowards of you. It may be, however, you do not, and that I am *wrong* in even making such an intimation. Still, I think before I have finished these notices of your sermon, you will see it is among the possibilities of an honest and impartial conviction, to come to the conclusion, that if you are *honest*, you must be very ignorant of the whole subject of Spiritualism, and therefore a very unqualified person to give light on so complex a question. We learn much by experience, as it is said he is the best of teachers; so I may indulge the hope that your next effort will be better studied, more philosophic and more in keeping with the facts and Spirit of the religion you profess. May you live long to enjoy the blessing of life with the fellowship and communion of a pure Spirit, is the sincere wish of

J. H. W. TOONEY.

## "THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN."

There is a much-loved and long-cherished association connected with these three words, that warms the hopes for a better future, that nerves the arm for a stronger battle, that fortifies strength with patience, hope with cheerfulness, and keeps love, like the "gay and cheerful evergreen," fresh in the midst of wintry doubts, chilling suspicions, and worldly antagonism. They associate themselves with the taking off of your "coat, and rolling up of your sleeves," and giving the hour and the whole man to the good work, that should be done with all the soul, might, mind and strength, for here there is no *sham*. They may describe the owner of a hard hand, but it has an *honest* grasp and a generous shake that sends the warm blood dancing merrily through the veins and arteries, until they tingle with delight; and in after years that hand and grasp mingles with the memories of happy hours and charitable deeds when the magic word of *welcome* gave new sunshine to the joys of hospitality. When the tear of sympathy, or the smile of pleasure bespoke the smity of soul that gladdened many an after hour. Long may they live in the minds of all congenial Spirits, to bless them with charity for the *past*, inspiration and deeds of manly daring for the present, and a large and generous faith for the future; that can sweeten alike the memories of "long, long ago," the desires of an active present and the religion of the future, whose humanity and love will pale only before the glory and perfection of the great Almighty Father.

Ever sacred be the developed manhood that gathers so many virtues within so brief a history—

living, let it be our watchword—dying our consolation—and when *dead* our epitaph.

When we commenced writing, we had in mind to say something of "The Practical Christian," a newspaper published at Hopedale, by a community of Friends, who are working in "*faith, hope and charity*," to make themselves and the world the representatives of the *practical Christian*. We are somewhat inclined to think some good Spirit has been with us, to tune our mind into the proper harmony, before we expressed the thought we had in mind. "Hopedale" and Adin Ballou have been in our memory for many years, and associated with much we have expressed above, although we have seen Adin but *once* in the flesh, and Hopedale never. Still we love to cling to this association, because Hopedale has become a nursery of hope to many an earnest soul in this awakening age, and a promise *indeed* to the present for a better future. Long may they live to do the same good work, enjoy the same rich blessings, and leave behind them the virtuous memories of a mellowing age. But what we want mostly to say, is, that in the Practical Christian of August 26, there is a long, strong, and solemn communication from Adin Ballou, on "Modern Spiritualism—Its Good and Evil," which, having read, we would like to have the friends of progress read also, think seriously of its meaning, and appropriate its philosophy to the *needs* of the occasion that called it forth. We can say all this without accepting every letter or sentence of it, because we love its discriminative Spirit, its cautious philosophy, and its practical manhood. Still, we think friend Adin will see, on further reflection, that much of the seeming inconsistency of modern Spiritualists is but the very natural fruit of their past teachings. The doubts of the past have given place to an enthusiasm as extravagant as their skepticism was unhealthy, and the joys of a new life makes them impatient of delay—as they wish all to "partake of the waters of life freely."

Besides, it cannot be expected that the change should be so radical as to save them from errors in reasoning, since there has been as yet neither discipline of mind, method in argument, nor actual knowledge to save the mind from the extravagance of *individualism*. The "true love theory" has its apostles and disciples, and it would be strange if it did not have its victims, but we live in hope that the intoxication of passion, which came to some with the knowledge of its reckless assumptions, will pass away soon as it is known of what manner of man it is. It is true that evil habits form by unlearned degrees, "as lakes from rivers and rivers run to seas." But *god* also has in it the elements of life, and is sustained and supported by the active good from the Spirit-world by the destiny of good as fashioned in life by the Almighty Mind, and brought home to the convictions of every thinking soul, that knows anything of progress and development.

We give the conclusion of friend Ballou's communication, that all may know his position and lead them to get the paper and read the entire article. He says:—

"I have spoken freely and at full length. I trust I shall be understood by all parties concerned. I speak and act on my own responsibility. If I am right, let that right bear only its intrinsic weight. If I am wrong, I hold myself open to correction by God, angels and men. I assume no personal authority over my fellow Spirits in any sphere, and shall bow to none but that of the Infinite Father, expressed in the sovereignty of divine principles. Modern Spiritualism has merits which all its adversaries will ultimately be compelled to acknowledge. It has imperfections which ought to make all its apostles modest in their extollations of it as a dispensation. And as to enemies, if those of its own household can be properly taken care of, there will be little to fear from any without. May its progress evolve only incidental evils, and its consummation be complete with essential, universal and everlasting good."

We learn by the Daily Tribune of last week, that Judge Edmonds is recovering rapidly from the effects of his late sickness; and it is hoped that his complete recovery is not far distant.

Soon as his strength will permit, he intends to give his whole attention to the preparation of his long-promised volume on Spiritualism, so that it may go to press sometime in September.

We expect the second volume of "Spiritualism" will be equal, if not superior to the first, and look upon its publication and mission as important events in the spread and progress of the Spiritual philosophy. We hope soon to be able to say—the Judge is *well* and *working*.

## LOGIC!

"Logic! logic forever!  
That beat my grand-mother, and she was clever."  
[Wordsworth.]

We have heard of all kinds of arguments, arguments, logic, reasoning, inductions and inferences in our time, but we never met with, or heard of such a variety of *inferences* in a short argument as an Irish lady presented against "*The Cold Water Cure*."

A few weeks ago, a friend of ours living in Brooklyn, was taken suddenly ill with the cholera, and he being a thorough cold-water man, sent for a water-cure physician to help him in his hour of need. The Doctor came, and in a short time our friend was in a "half pack," enjoying the hope of a speedy recovery, and doing as well as he could be expected under the circumstances. During the process of "cure," it was useful once or twice to put ice round the body to develop and hasten "*reaction*." The Irish lady had watched proceedings with marked attention, and gave a helping hand when and where she could be of use. But soon as the Doctor was out of the room, she felt moved to express her views of what she had seen, which developed the following dialogue:—

*Lady*.—And then it's myself that would be after killing that Doctor.

*Nurse*.—Why would you kill the Doctor? What crime has he committed?

*Lady*.—And didn't he put ice round Mr. G.'s body? Is it a *could* he'd be giving him, when the poor man is as sick as he can be, and like to die?

*Nurse*.—No. You do not understand. This is a new way of curing the sick; for in putting ice round the body, it first cools the skin and then develops perspiration, and that prevents fever. The ice melts and keeps the sheets round the body wet with water.

*Lady*.—What would he be doing with *teether* at all at all; is it a fish you'd be making him?

*Nurse*.—Oh! no. You will see.

During the process of changing the sheets, washing the chest and abdomen, and getting the body warm by rubbing with the hand, the towel, and other agents used in chafing the body to get up a circulation and reaction, the lady, though active to help, continued to make characteristic reflections on the progress of events, until our friend pronounced "out of danger," by the physician and friends attending. When for the first time the lady thought of her *religion*, and expressed herself in the following pious style:—

"Well, glory be to God, your Yankees are *curious* people any way; for if a poor man wants to die, you *won't* let him!"

It is barely possible there may be a "few more of the same sort" among our republicans of the nineteenth century. We hope if the "school-master is abroad," that he may be kept there in employment, until whatever *brains* Nature has given to the children of this age are cultivated into some kind of harmony with the Spirit of civilization. It is a sad comment on our progress to know we have such undeveloped, uneducated, and uncivilized beings among us.

WORCESTER, Monday, Aug. 14, 1854.

EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST:—I date this morning, you will perceive, from the beautiful little inland city of Worcester. Passing through this place on my way to Springfield, Mass., last Tuesday, August 8, I could not resist the impression to stop over one day, to witness the balloon ascension of the 8th, by the successful aeronaut, Mr. Brooks. The day was fine as fine could be, and thousands were present to behold the triumph of science and the application of its newly discovered and recently applied principles to the aerial flight of regions hitherto inaccessible to the ascension of man. But the successful and pleasant journey of Mr. Brooks into the regions of material height and distance, the power of overcoming atmospheric pressure, the great and glorious achievements of science and knowledge over the delusions and ignorance of the past, only to me, seemed like paying the way into a Spiritual height and distance where mind can be enabled to control the material much more easily than even the chemist, the gases, and the elements, earth, air, fire and water. While many thousands with eager gaze were only interested in the rising of the balloon as an experimental curiosity, my mind was called into moralizing mood, as it ever is drawn into the interior, and I there beheld those principles of thought and action which enable the mind to ascend into the celestial regions of *reality*.

But here I found other attractions, also, and so great have they proved, that the morning of the 14th finds me here, intending however to pursue my journey to-day.

Shall I speak of those attractions, that you and your patrons may learn something of the progress of Spiritualism in this place? My interior answers yes; so I proceed accordingly. On Thursday evening I met with a circle of about twenty, all of whom feel, more or less, the presence of Spirit-power I should judge, by the impressions I received.

A good degree of interest was felt, but I do not think that lively, actual, participating action of Spirit was felt which I have witnessed and experienced in some other places.

Sunday, P. M., I met them again and found a larger audience than on the evening before mentioned. And in the evening another session was held which proved more interesting than either of the preceding. A mild soothing influence was felt by all present, and the utmost harmony and quiet prevailed. I had more liberty in speaking than on either of the other convened occasions, and feel that much good was there and then effected. I understand, however, that those whom I met last evening, are but a branch of a formerly organized circle or band, who had maintained public exercises for a year or more upon the Sabbath, previous to last Spring, but owing to some causes of dissatisfaction they closed their hall and for some time had no public sessions.

A few weeks since this little company of which I speak, again organized and procured very pleasant and commodious rooms in Main-street, and held Sunday meetings and a regular evening circle, while a part also of the old organization adhered to the faction or individual from whom the separation seemed to be caused, he having assumed the responsibility of leader, much to the dissatisfaction of the seceders. So you perceive that Worcester Spiritualists have had *their* division, and that it has resulted in two distinct parties; neither of which I feel bold to state feel satisfied in themselves or in one another. I hope that now they are in a condition to progress, and think they will be more harmonious than if united in one body. There seems to be a passive interest manifested, but a want of *action*. Worcester *should* be a great central emporium of Spirit wealth, thought, and power in the very vitals of New England's body.

SPRINGFIELD, Monday Evening, Aug. 14.

After a detention of two hours on the road, by the breaking of some part of the machinery of the engine, I reached Springfield, through clouds of dust and pillars of smoke. Springfield Hill, about a mile from the city, is to be my stopping place. It is a most delightful situation, on elevated land, but a most beautiful plain, reminding one of the towns of Cambridge and Cambridge-Port, though not so thickly settled. But how is its scenery and the otherwise pleasant reflections which might flow in from its inspiration, marred by the massive brick buildings, and palisaded enclosures on its most beautiful point, devoted to our nation's defence, called "the Armory" or "United States Arsenal." O, how my heart throbbed with agony, as it has oft done before, as the coach ascended the hill and those beautiful grounds met my view once again. Beautiful! ah, yes, beautiful! despite the savage uses of their domains, are those walks, and those buildings; yet when I thought of the murderous weapons concealed within, destined to convey death into the heart of America's brave sons upon the very nod of her *despotic rulers*, a cold shudder crept over me and a half stifled moan escaped my lips, expressing my soul's anguish like this. Great God! Can civilized, enlightened man, as he styles himself, find nothing better to do than manufacturing weapons to destroy his brother—nothing more noble to attract his attention and upon which to spend his physical and mental energies, than the devising means to subjugate his fellow-man by force of sword and bayonet, by strength of military prowess and the cunning stratagems of war? Must the God-like powers of his expanding mind be so prostituted to the mammon of foolish unrighteousness? Can his aspiring thoughts select no better plan by which to *depopulate* the world and free the earth of his hated enemy, but such barbarous measures? Better poison, or drown, administer an anodyne or opiate sufficiently powerful to lull into the sleep that knows no waking; or rather, as I would express it, the waking that knows no sleep! But stop, a voice whispered in my ear, that would be *murder* and *illegal*! But if the laws of this Republican government should only sanction such means, responded I, would it not become as lawful as the present custom of shooting life out of the body? Life is taken, and why the mode a matter of discussion? Man is to be slain and what the matter, whether he be killed by a wholesale system of drugging or a wholesale process of stabbing or shooting? If Congress would only protect the administrators of arsenic, why not as suitable a way to get rid of the foe, to enter the tent of the encampment and scatter chloroform among the sleeping inhabitants as

defer the death-blow for the day-light slaughter? But, says the voice, each party would not possess equal chances? But can they not give each the same privilege to destroy by stratagem in whatever way they please? But it would be more barbarous, urges the voice, too much like the uncivilized nations of former ages, thus to war; it must be done in a scientific manner. In a scientific manner! repeated I. Must, then, the barbarous practices of the past become a civilized code of honor—a study for science to amalgamate with itself, and reduce to a systematic order of policy and convenience? Why not cast off the principle with the reform of the age, and show the enormity of its tendencies and the baneful influence of its effects, instead of smoothing it over with the hot iron of cannons' roar, and lulling it to sleep with the soft dulcet tones of the voice of music, instead of clothing it in the garb of beauty, and laying upon its bloody head the priestly sanctioned hand of favor, instead of legalizing it by a nation's voice, and supporting it by a nation's reverence, instead of protecting it with the lives and property of a nation's glory; instead of making it the nation's es-cutechon, around which every statesman rallies seeking through it honors, the highest of office of that nation; instead of doing all this, I added, why not capitalize with the same punishment which a private citizen endures, when from personal hate, revenge, or from any other motive, he alone, single-handed, enters the domain of his neighbor, and from one individual takes the life he cannot restore? I heard no answer, and I returned again into myself and felt that I had been in the interior condition.

But I fear you will think I am straying from my point and have lost sight of Spiritualism. But, Mr. Editor, does not Spiritualism embrace every reform that progression can unfold? If it be not a practical movement—a movement to clear away the rubbish of the past and to enlighten the present, to advance the future, pray of what particular use is it to be to man? As well might we still go on in the old paths! I know it is urged, and with some reason, "everything is being brought into it."

This assertion reminds me of a story which I have somewhere heard, which I will abbreviate by saying an old lady remarked, "when I was young they used to preach the Gospel, but *now* it is nothing but *rum* and *niggers*!" Many of our Spiritualists seem to think that Spiritualism is what the old lady's gospel was, something apart from reform, something besides rum and niggers, something besides the saying, "Wo unto you, ye blind tipplers, wo unto ye man-sellers and man-stealers, wo unto you, ye body-killers and soul-killers, wo unto you, ye who burden one another;" by the cry they raise when these points are touched, or those which are even nearer, relating to diet, dress, customs, habits, &c. But Jesus forbore not to speak of these, and his followers preach them now. *This was his Gospel!*

But I was intending to have given you some account of the progress of the cause in Springfield, but will reserve a full delineation for another time. Suffice it to say, that in *action*, Springfield has degenerated like all other places which I have visited, and is not now in so forward a condition as when I was here one year ago. Can you divine the cause? Will some of your correspondents or several, give their opinions as to the cause or causes which produce these results—a decline of interest? Springfield has witnessed some of the most tangible evidences of Spirit-power and Spirit-presence of any place of which I have ever heard; but yet there seems to be a decline in action, or diminution in numbers, and a vacancy of medium thought. As here, so in other places. The cause I surmise, but would like to hear the views of others.

MONDAY, Aug. 21.—A week of thought and action has passed, and my letter remains unfinished. I will speak of yesterday's proceedings and then close. The hall, almost empty, seemed unlike the full meetings held there one year ago. The Spirit-power seemed moving within, but not able to make itself apparent by outward action. Each waited for the other, and the demonstrations of Spirit-love were like the waters of strife mixed with fear and doubts. No resistance was visible outwardly, but the interior struggles were painful for me to behold. Our good friend Elmer addressed the meeting, after some remarks made through myself and Mr. Hume, an entranced medium, and several others made short speeches.

There seems to be a latent hope that the Autumn will witness some active operations, and some new circles are being formed. I am not yet able to discover my path of duty; whether to remain here or visit the Western country.

I have long desired to visit New York and then proceed westward, and should I conclude so to do, I shall endeavor to start so early as to be in season for the National Convention at Cleveland. Believe me, when I affirm that no object in my view, is worth one moment's consideration except it advance the cause of progression, either directly or indirectly. I would live







## Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]  
INVOCATION.

BY R. M. PETERS.

Not for pleasure—no, not for idle fame,  
Do I invoke thee, messenger divine;  
Not for thy aid to build an earthly name,  
I only ask for a higher shrine;  
I only ask for strength to grasp the prize  
That dimly lies before my spirit-eyes.

Unfolding oft, with radiant treasures fraught  
Its glowing folds before my mind are flung;  
Teeming with richer, purer, gems of thought,  
Than human hands have ever sown;  
And as the glowing pages o'er me roll,  
Friends long unseen are pictured on the scroll.

I murmur not at life's unnumbered ills,  
For these the child of song can never bear;  
For when I wander on the summer hills,  
All these companions guide my footsteps there;  
And not a sigh or tear from my bosom stole,  
But found its echo in some kindred soul.

And though my weak and childish heart is torn,  
By every mirrored page of memory,  
Through every rose and thorn a rankling thorn,  
Spirit of love, I still will cherish thee;  
Until I go beyond death's stormy tide,  
And I'll reclaim thee there, my Spirit-brother.

And thou, too, death, when my task is done,  
Like a dear friend and comrade may I say;  
Come when the flowers are laughing at the sun,  
When the wild warbler sings his sweetest lay;  
When winds, and streams, and rustling leaves prolong  
The mellow voice of Nature's endless song.

Come not as minions of the law attend,  
Upon a trembling wretch condemned for crime;  
But ask me out as one would ask a friend,  
To take a ramble in the summer time;  
Among the birds far from the haunts of men,  
To live the days of childhood o'er again.

I fear thee not, O, no, thy stern behest  
Can only close these feeble eyes of mine;  
And bear me to a land more fondly blest,  
Where I am worshiped still as beauty's shrine;  
Or still live on, delighted still to range,  
O'er scenes more bright, more beautiful, more strange.

WEST TOW, Aug. 27, 1894.

## PROPHETICAL.

BY MRS. FRANCES E. RYVEL.

Time with pencil dipp'd in light,  
In beauty shall record,  
That God by every human heart  
Is fervently adored.

That every little flower that springs,  
In beauty from the earth,  
That every soaring bird that sings,  
Doth worship God—and pouring forth.

Its songs of praise—to each is given,  
The power with love sublime,  
To mingle with the songs of heaven,  
Beyond the bounds of time.

## YOU ASK HOW I LIVE!

BY JOSEPH HOBBS.

Living freely, feeling friendly,  
Aiding fairly to all men,  
Seeking to do that to others  
They may do to me.

Hating no man, fearing no man,  
Wronging none by word or deed,  
But fostering, soothing, serving,  
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contending,  
Is of this Christian use,  
One soft word of kindly peace  
Is worth a torrent of abuse.

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world,  
Every heart is seldom so kind,  
Not an eye with pity peered;  
Still my heart with kindness teeming,  
Glad when other hearts are sad,  
And my eyes a tear-drop shed,  
At the sight of others' sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this;  
Kindly hearts are seldom so kind,  
Blessing ever brings bliss;  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though the world should frown,  
Man is man, we are all brothers,  
Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man through all gradations,  
Little rocks it were to stand,  
Man is man in every condition,  
Scattered over many lands;  
Man is man by force and beauty,  
Man by vice and virtue too,  
Man in all one common nature,  
Speaks and kind to all brothers true.

## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Honor him whose hands are sowing  
Seed for harvest in the spring;  
Reverence those whose thoughts are growing  
Up to ultimate sublime.

All the progress of the ages  
May be traced back to their hands—  
All the illuminated pages  
Of the books, into their hands.

Every word beside you ereeping,  
Every insect in your keeping,  
Every insect in your keeping,  
Hiss a word to tell  
The small, lonely flower that's lying  
In your pathway, just  
Some elixir, which the dying  
Generations sought in vain.

In the stone that waits the turning  
Of some curious hand, from sight,  
Every atom may be traced its  
That would fill the world with light.

Let us then, in reverence bowing,  
Honor most of all mankind,  
Send to keep their great thoughts glowing  
Deepest in the field of mind.

## ON SLEEP.

No person of active mind should try to prevent sleep, which, in such persons, only comes when rest is indispensable to the continuance of health. In fact, once in the twenty-four hours is as essential to the existence of the mammalia as the atmospheric respiration of fish. The most unfavorable conditions for sleep cannot prevent its approach. Conchmen slumber on their couches, and porriers on their horses, whilst soldiers fall asleep on the field of battle, amidst all the noise of artillery and the tumult of war. During the retreat of Sir John Moore, several of the British soldiers were reported to have fallen asleep upon the march, and yet they continued walking onward. The most violent passions and excitement of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbelia, and Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep sleep, as criminals have been known to slumber on the rack. Noises which serve at first to drive away sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage coach, stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in the Iliad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, excepting Jupiter alone.

The length of time passed in sleep is not the same for all men; it varies in different individuals and at different ages; but it cannot be determined, from time passed in sleep, relative to the strength or energy of the functions of the body or mind. From six to nine hours is the average proportion, yet the Roman Emperor, Caligula, slept only three hours. Frederick of Prussia and Dr. John Hunter, consumed only four or five hours in repose, while the great Scipio slept during eight. A rich and lazy citizen will slumber from ten to twelve hours daily. It is during infancy that sleep is longest, and most profound. Women also sleep longer than men, and young men longer than old. Sleep is driven away during convalescence, after a long sickness, by a continued fasting and the abuse of coffee. The sleepless nights of all ages are almost proverbial. It would appear that carnivorous animals sleep in general longer than the herbivorous, as the superior activity of the muscles and senses of the former seem more especially to require repair.—*Erchenberg.*

## MAGNETIC MAGIC.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Exorcisms, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, &c., &c.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

### FOURTH DIALOGUE.

#### SUSPENSIONS.

This Brahmin has also the faculty of remaining several hours under water. All sorts of hypotheses have been made by the newspapers to explain this prodigy, but we must confess that, until now, they have not been successful in their suppositions.

Now the newspapers of India are edited by Europeans, who are perfectly able to appreciate with justice the fact I have related; and yet the author of the Manual forgets so far this circumstance that he makes only the following observation, which is as full of ignorance as stupid presumption: "You will see that the European domination does not prevent this country from being the fatherland of prodigies and fables." But, Sir, if you are able to open your eyes upon the pending phenomenon, why do you not do so? Why do you not reveal to us this wonderful secret?

JOHN.—But, my friend, we have witnessed ourselves similar phenomena at Robert Houdin's.

ALBERT.—You have seen something akin upon a theatre; and I confess I saw myself at a country fair, three persons suspended in the air. I went and saw twice their performance; then I wished to speak to the manager of the theatre, and offered him any sum he might fix to have the liberty of passing a stick around the suspended persons, as I saw him do; I assured him, moreover, that I wished only to ascertain the fact, not at all to know its cause. This man answered that he would not permit me to do so for one hundred dollars; that yet, if I knew the laws of electro-magnetism, I might easily account for the phenomena. "I cannot tell you more," said the man, "since you are a writer." But the question is very different in the case of the Indian, for in France every one understood at once what were the means employed by Robert Houdin & Co. The Brahmin had no theatre; he does not prevent any one from ascertaining the reality of his suspension. Moreover, English capitalists would not have offered such immense sums if they had not been satisfied that it was a secret of quite a different nature from that of the ordinary legerdemain. Again, this man does just the reverse of this performance, when he stays for hours under water—thus substituting heaviness for lightness—the stopping of breathing to its acceleration. I do not intend to say that these facts are supernatural, for they have all their means of manifestation. I wish only to ascertain them, because they contain a complete denial to the pre-supposed laws of gravitation and ductility, in which the physicians have the presumption to trammel matter. It shows the power of the fluids and imponderables over the aggregations of substances and the ponderable; it is a ceaseless teaching of the propriety of studying more seriously these so little understood laws. I intend to study magic by analyzing and understanding its manifestations; not by admitting them without examination. Let us go on.

We are now to enter into a series of new facts, which are all known and admitted by the mesmerizers of our day, and certainly these gentlemen will not be accused of being prejudiced either by ignorance or excess of belief. They are generally publicists of distinction, who cannot be suspected of deception or fraud. The facts they record have usually been witnessed, not accomplished, by themselves. And in order to prove to you that France is not the only country where these questions are studied, we shall pass to Germany, and review the different opinions of its distinguished philosophers on the subject.

I am indebted to M. Grolig, a distinguished painter at Versailles, for the translation of the following passage, extracted from a work published in Germany in 1846, under the title of "The Lucid of Prevost," by Dr. Kerner. This book produced an immense sensation, not only in consequence of the metaphysical, philosophical and religious questions it treats of, but also in consideration of its author, a learned and conscientious magnetizer, whose name is illustrious all over Europe.

50. It is said, pages 86 and 87, that "Whenever Mrs. Kauff placed her hands in water, the lucid was seized by a general debility, and could not during the whole day drink any sort of liquids, without being at once seized with dizziness; but after sunset she was able to drink without inconvenience."

"Whenever she took a bath all her limbs, chest and arms, were ceaselessly agitated and repelled towards the surface of the water. This singular effect was so powerful as to oblige several servants to make use of all their strength to keep her immersed in the water."

60. "When I put my fingers near those of Mrs. K., hers were attracted just as iron may be by a magnet, and it was thus that I was enabled to lift her from her bed against all law of gravitation." . . . The author quotes here the following statements, which are taken from the work of Mallers, (description of Freiberg.)

61. "In 1620, a sick woman was suddenly lifted up from her bed to a height of seven or eight feet, and thus soared in the air as if she was willing to escape through the window. Two pastors, Dachselt and Waldenbourg, were present and witnessed the reality of this narrative. Waldenbourg took the woman in his arms and brought her back to her bed, with many prayers addressed to God."

62. Kersk, in his "Deuteronomy," (vol. 2, page 239,) mentions a man who was so highly magnetized that "he was taken from the ground and lifted to such a height that many of the witnesses stood under him, in order to prevent his being injured by falling down."

63. Resuming the examinations of the phenomena he observed in his clairvoyant during her long sickness, the author says: "In the meanwhile she felt for seven days that she was magnetized by a Spirit visible to her alone, who did so with his three fingers elongated and saturated with luminous matter. The passes did not usually descend below the pit of the stomach. In this Spiritual figure the clairvoyant recognized her grandmother. An incredible, though well authenticated fact, is that, for a long time, any object whose touch might injure her was taken and removed by an invisible hand. Thus, a silver spoon was often seen to leave her hands and place itself on a plate several feet distant. These objects slowly crossed the room, and quickly reached the proper place without being thrown there."

64. "It often happened that the amulet on her neck, left its position and ran over the bed coverings, as an intelligent being might have done; it

sometimes even ran over the floor, and the assistants were obliged to catch it and bring it back. However incredible may appear these facts, they are testified to by eye-witnesses worthy of the utmost confidence. In her magnetic sleep, Mrs. K. thus explained these phenomena: 'This man acts purely by means of his art; it is a sort of magical action. He wishes again to have this amulet in order to be paid for another, because he knows that now I am accustomed to it I could not do without one.' She wore this amulet for three months upon her back, and when it was given to me a year later, I found it was made up of the following substances: assafetida, sabina, tyronus, 2 grains semen-tramoni, a very small magnet, and a slip of paper upon which was written, 'It is to this that appeared the son of God, let him destroy the works of Satan.' This amulet had been given to her by a man who was reputed to have the power of healing these sorts of maladies."

Some facts which have been told me by Colonel Rogers and others, members of the famous cabalistic club, will not be, I trust, out of place here. If the assertion of Dr. Kerner is acceptable in this case, I do not see why that of the Colonel would be excepted to. As I said before, one fact, well authenticated, leads us to admit an hundred others of the same nature. It would be absurd to admit a fact because it is signed by such a name, and reject a similar one because it is signed by another; that is the process adopted by all religions, each one admitting its own miracles, and rejecting those of all others. The same thing happens, too, in sciences; each school swears for the truthfulness of its master, and lavishes ridicule upon all other schools or masters. With such predispositions it would be impossible to study any branch of knowledge; we could be sure of nothing but what we could see ourselves; and even that would be doubtful, because its objectivity would at each instant be past, and therefore unsatisfactory to the reason. We must not be the disciples of these schools of skepticism and negation; our memory and deductions are stores from which we can always draw; the present is not therefore an unique field, and we may as well rely upon what happened yesterday, as upon what will be tomorrow. But let us return to Colonel Rogers. Some time before his death he had begun for me a written narrative of all the marvelous facts that he had obtained in their cabalistic club. Death has unfortunately intercepted this labor; I cannot, therefore show you more than a few scraps connected with the questions which occupy us. But I must previously tell you that this club, of which the Colonel was a member, had been instituted exclusively for studying the hermetic art; all its members were learned men of the highest distinction, who believed in the possibility of the transmutation of metals, and in a universal panacea. It was with the hope of succeeding in this realization of their wishes that they opened this circle, directed by one of the most remarkable lucids in this kind of clairvoyance. The magnetic subject was himself guided by disembodied Spirits, who had during their lives, and persevered after their death, a particular taste for these studies. I will relate here some few facts which have a direct relation with the present question. I let the Colonel speak:

65. 1st fact. "As we had no water of mercury, and yet it was indispensable to our experiment, Ad— was put to sleep by Mr. P—, who soon told him: 'Call Mikenas and order him to bring some of this water.' Scarcely was the invocation uttered, when we saw a decanter place itself spontaneously on the outside of the window."

66. 2d fact. "Almost all the members of said club were in the habit of snuffing, but could not find any quality of tobacco that suited their taste. They were, in consequence, particularly desirous to try a certain tobacco of the United States, the introduction of which is not permitted in France. Ad— being sent to sleep and consulted, answered to his mesmerizer, Mr. P—, that it was quite easy to have some of this tobacco brought from America, but that the cost and custom-house price should be previously paid. The sum was deposited on the table, and Mr. P— called for Mikenas. The invoked Spirit came at once, took the money upon the table, and in less than a minute left in its place the desired quantity of tobacco."

67. 3d fact. "I cannot enter into any particulars about this fact, I do not deny anything about what was told me on this occasion; but the circumstances in which it took place, include questions that are very hard to solve, because they refer exclusively to the Spiritual world, about which our mind requires always too many proofs. They were just the questions we desired to elucidate through the revelations of the Spirits with whom we kept intercourse. But I must tell you what I saw."

"Mr. P— had given to Ad— a ring in order to have two words and some cabalistic signs engraved upon it. It was agreed that Ad— should deliver this ring on the following day, at a particular hour fixed also for another ceremony relating to the said ring. But on the following day, Ad— not having come at the appointed time, we made up our mind, Messrs. P—, B—, and I, to go and have him come. We met him as he was coming, and Mr. P— having addressed him some words of reproach, Ad— was so provoked that he at once took the ring from his finger and threw it on the boulevard near Bondy-street. We heard distinctly the noise it made by falling on the pavement, we did not take the trouble to look for it, as we thought it would be time lost. As we were going to Mr. P—'s, I observed to Ad— how improper had been his conduct. Finally Ad— was put to sleep, and at last told us there was time enough for beginning and terminating the ceremony. Mr. P— said it would be impossible since the ring was lost. 'Let us act,' answered Ad—, 'and when you want the ring you must call for the Spirit of the air, and he will at once bring it to you. You shall keep it on your finger until the end of the ceremony, and then you must return it to, and thank the Spirit, that he may give it back to the person for whom it is destined.' The whole was accomplished in our presence, exactly as was foretold."

68. The ceremony to which the Colonel alludes, cannot but excite your surprise as deeply as any fact I may have related to you before. But you must know that the members of the said club were so far advanced in their cabalistic creed, that they firmly believed elementary bodies could be transformed into material existences. You may find this doctrine fully developed in a book entitled: "The Count of Cabalis, &c." I have already alluded to this subject in the Chapter on "Cabalistic Mirrors," where I told you that the cabalists believe the elements are an aggregate of beings similar to ourselves, with the exception of the immortality which they have not, and cannot have but by their union with the sons of heaven—who are our lords. In consequence of the direction he had received from his guardian Spirit, the President of the Colonel's club had contracted a Spiritual marriage with a sylph; but to make himself

visible and tangible, this Spirit was obliged to assume a material envelop; and so he did by assimilating those of our material substances which have more analogy with his own nature. That took place for six months. Every day this invisible Spirit sat at table opposite Mr. P—, and ate all the dishes which he had ordered to the clairvoyant, and which had been prepared for this object. A few months more were only requisite that this Spirit might become visible to the eye of his betrothed. It was for this purpose that had been engraved the ring I just spoke to you of. Unfortunately the revolution of July, 1830, put France into convulsion, and destroyed the sweet hope by depriving us of Mr. P—, who died in this circumstance. What is certain in this story, is that the aliments which were every day prepared for this Spirit, and agreeably placed upon the table, always disappeared from the guests whom Mr. P— invited to his table; and this phenomenon lasted for six months. This anecdote was testified to me by two eye-witnesses—Col. Roger and Mr. Bodes, a respectable octogenarian, who still lives in Recollet street, Paris.

JOHN.—Oh! my good friend, where are we going?

ALBERT.—To the search of truth; but as I perceive you are not yet prepared to receive it, especially from men who have not a scientific reputation, I shall adapt myself to the slow process of your mind, and begin by quoting the opinion of Dr. Billot on the subject. I extract the following passage from his Correspondence on Vital Magnetism with the venerable Delcuz, &c., vol. 1, p. 88: "69. 'Many punctually observed the prescribed scribed diet, when one day, tired with the insipidity of her food, she chanced to take hold of a raw slice of garlic, and rubbed her bread with it. But as she was approaching it to the bread, she received a violent blow on the under part of her hand, and the piece of garlic was thrown to the ceiling, and could never be found again. Mary burst into a loud laugh, and profited by the lesson. I have been an eye-witness of this fact, together with all the inmates of the house.'"

The same writer says, p. 180:—"But to put an end to our polemics on this theory, I shall quote some of the facts which are so abundantly recorded in our ephemeris; and these facts are all positive, since they are all material, and have been witnessed by all other members of our society, no less than by myself: all those gentlemen have likewise handled and touched these material objects. It is from such facts, and many similar ones which I witnessed during a period of twelve years, that my conviction has been necessarily determined in the sense of these phenomena. I could no longer reject the Spiritual doctrine. Should I have shut my eyes to such an evidence? Should I have blindly persevered in a theory which explains nothing, and will for ever leave in darkness those who stubbornly refuse to admit the Spiritual explanation?"

70. I read, p. 221 of a little book entitled "Angelical Cook-book," that:—"Exercise fatigued and heated Mary very much; she was always in want of afterwards, rest and cooling. The little Raphael prescribed the following pisan—barley and liquorice. Mary puts in a proper pot the peeled barley, with a small piece of liquorice slightly split, and a certain quantity of water. She goes to the chimney to boil her decoction; but there is no fire. Scarcely can be seen under the ashes a small brilliant point, the size of which does not exceed that of a pea; there is, moreover, no kind of little wood to light two immense logs which are in the hearth. Mary has not even a match! For and sole-bellows there is only an old broom India cane! Who will come and help the poor girl? Her mother? No; her presence is indispensable in the manufactory. 'Do not be uneasy,' said a little voice, 'the pisan shall be prepared. Put on the parcel of fire some leaves of green oak which still stick to the logs, and must be taken off; then put the logs over the leaves, and be quick; the fire will soon be lighted.' Mary acts according to the prescriptions of the voice; and when all is properly arranged, she observes closely what is to happen. What is her amazement when she sees over the luminous pea, a small motion like that which might be produced by the gentlest breeze. A few minutes have scarcely elapsed, when the leaves begin to give forth smoke; the blowing effect increases little by little, and the blaze soon appears; the logs are on fire; the hearth looks like the forge of a silversmith, and Mary puts her pot into the chimney with many thanks to God, and his holy messenger. The water is rapidly heated; the ebullition begins; the pisan is slowly made; and the voice finally said to Mary:—'Do not trouble yourself, when the pisan shall be prepared; I will diminish the intensity of the fire, or put it out, if necessary.'"

"And in fact Mary saw the fire diminishing by little and little; and when she took off the pot, she found the pisan a little more than tepid; that is to say, it was just ready to be drunk with relish. Mary took a half-glass and tasted it. It was a golden liquid of the most delicious flavor. But the little Raphael is very particular about the exact observance of his prescriptions; he therefore puts his own seal upon this preparation—viz: he made it marvelous. The fact is, that whenever Mary put pisan into her tumbler, she saw and showed to many friends, three beautiful pearls which were floating towards the bottom of the glass. These little globes were swimming in the liquid, until Mary had drunk the whole. This phenomenon lasted as long as the said pisan; and Mary gave every day to her little servant the order to prepare a similar decoction."

"At the first time this singular event took place, I did not witness the preliminaries of the combination; but on the following day I wished to be an eye-witness of the fact; and every thing happened just as I have told you now."

71. In the second volume of the same work, p. 5, the writer speaks of a lady who was entirely blind, and solicited help from an excellent clairvoyant called Virginia. "The lucid declared she saw a young virgin who presented her a plant covered with beautiful flowers. The mesmerizer addressed some questions about the nature of the plant, and the regions wherein it might be found. At that same moment, the blind lady said that one of these simples had just been laid on her apron. The clairvoyant declared that it is certainly the same herb that had been shown to her by the virgin. The author did not know this plant, but thought it was *tymnus creticum verum*."

[To be continued.]

EXERCISE.—It is owing mainly to their delight in outdoor exercise, that the elevated classes in England reach a patriarchal age, notwithstanding their habits of high living, late hours, wine drinking, and many other health-destroying agencies; the deaths of their generals, their lords, their earls and their dukes, are chronicled every week for 70, 80 and 90 years; it is because they will be on horseback, the most elegant, rational and accomplished of all forms of mere exercise, both for sons and daughters. But the whole credit of longevity to these classes must be given to their love of field sports; it must be divided with other not less characteristic traits of English noblemen—he will take the world easily! And could we, as a people, persuade ourselves to

do the same thing habitually, it would add ten years to the average of human life, and save many a broken heart, and broken fortune, and broken constitution.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## HOW BOYS AND GIRLS ARE REARED.

An article by Dr. Dixon, published in the *Scalp* some years ago, is just now attracting some attention in the English papers. It is on the early decay of American women. The girl two years the start of the boy, to make her condition equal to his at the outset. Both have endured the torture of bandaging, pinning, and tight dress at birth; both have been reared, jounced upon the knee; papa's, laudanum'd, paregoric'd, castor oiled, and suffocated with a blanket over the head, sweltered with a cap and feathers, roasted at a fire of anthracite, and poisoned with the foul air of an unventilated chamber, according to the universal formula of some superannuated doctor or unexperienced nurse, probably both, for these people usually hunt in couples, and are very gracious to each other. We give the girl enough start to make up for the boy's, fit the boy long enough to make up for the girl's, and an occasional tumble in the hall or yard, and the torture she has endured from her sampler and being compelled to 'sit up straight,' and not be a 'boyden.'

Our little couple start to school with such a minimum of lungs as the unnatural life they have led will allow, and a stomach that is yet fresh enough to endure bad bread, plum cake, candies, and diseased milk. The reader will remember that Nature is beneficent, and will endure much abuse before she succumbs. Well, they are off for school; observe how circumspectly my little miss walks. Soon she chides her brother for being 'rude.' He, nothing daunted, starts, full tilt after a stray dog or pig; and though he often tumbles in the mud, and his clothes are soiled, the result is soon visible in increase of lungs and ruddy cheeks. He cannot run without more breath; he cannot continue to run without increased dimension and power of lungs; he cannot have large lungs without good digestion, he will feel well and thrive apace.

They are now at school, seated on a bench without a back, and often with their legs hanging down so that the poor back-bone has no earthly support. Thus sits the wretched child with book in hand, from nine till twelve o'clock, and sometimes until three. The boy, with the aid of sticking a pin now and then in his neighbor, and occasionally falling from his bench from pure nervous exhaustion, to the great relief of his half stagnant blood-vessels and torpid nerves, endures it until another pig or dog chase makes him feel that he is alive.

But our unfortunate little miss is in a distressed condition. She is charged to 'walk straight home,' where she is allowed to select her dinner from those articles that afford the least nutrition, such as pastry, cake, rich puddings, and apples. This, by the way is her second meal of the same character, having taken one either at breakfast or lunch.

After dinner, she either sits down at her sampler or piano, and in all probability finishes the day's feeding with tea and preserves. She is then posted off to a feather bed in an unventilated chamber, with the door shut for fear the little darling will take cold. A New England furnace keeps the parlor chamber from 82 to 100 deg., the feather bed and blankets retain all the heat of the body, and sweltering, the wretched little creature lies till morning. What wonder she gets spinal curvature, or that there are actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebrae or lungs?—*Exchange.*

LET SCHOLARSHIP BE PRACTICAL.—The great want of the age is practical scholarship. The men that the world most wants now are thorough bred, well-educated scholars, whose studies are on topics that concern its daily necessities.

It is always painful to see power wasted. We dislike to see "Oceanus" tempter wrought to the door to shut out for fear the little darling will take cold. A New England furnace keeps the parlor chamber from 82 to 100 deg., the feather bed and blankets retain all the heat of the body, and sweltering, the wretched little creature lies till morning. What wonder she gets spinal curvature, or that there are actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebrae or lungs?—*Exchange.*

SLEEP AND DEATH.—The Angels of Sleep and Death, locked arm in arm, wandered over the face of the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a lofty hill that overlooked the habitations of man. A mournful stillness reigned around, broken only by the evening bells, whose sound came faintly from the distant hamlet. Silent and speechless as in the desert, these beneficent guardian angels of mankind lay in close embrace, till night's dark mantle fell around them. Then the Angel of Sleep rose from his mossy couch, and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent dwellings of the weary husbandman. Soon sweet sleep enfolded in its gentle embrace the inmates of the rural cottage—from the gray-haired sire whose tottering steps a staff supports, to the infant in its cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his sorrow, the poor his cares, all eyes were closed. His task being finished, the benevolent Angel again laid down by his sterner brother's side.

"When morning breaks," cried he with happy innocence, "all the world will bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what joy, thus to do good in secret and unseen. How happy are we, invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How beautiful is our quietude of life!" Thus spake the Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death gazed upon him in silent sadness, while tears, such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eyes. "Ah!" said he, "would that I, like you, could rejoice in cheerful thanks; but the world calls me its foe and joy-destroyer." "Ah! not every day," answered the Angel of Slumber, "will thee his friend, and often of one Father?" So he spake. The fearful eyes of the Angel of Death shone with a gleam of pleasure, while he pressed his gentler brother more tenderly to his heart.

WHICH IS THE HAPPY MAN?—We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money, and that is only \$70 per annum. He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, and a few acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their \$70 per annum.

We know of a man in New York who expends \$25,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for gas light more than the whole income presents to one than the whole amount of the times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a single waiter.

We know them both very well, and we think our Michigan friend far the happiest, healthiest and most enviable man. They are both as happy in years. The cheapness of books and papers in abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ills, and a necessity for intense activity, deprives the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former, in the probable course of events, will be of old age at ninety, the latter at seventy.—Such is the distribution of happiness and wealth.

NATURE'S ANTHROPOCRACY.—It is from within now that we must look for change; for when education, based upon correct knowledge of our constitution, shall have raised the man, there will be found no impediment to the advance of the whole race to all that is necessary for the enjoyment of the highest pleasures of which his nature is susceptible. In proportion as the higher feelings of our nature gain strength and predominance, and the law of universal brotherhood is written upon the heart, and not merely upon the tongue—in proportion, in fact, as real Christianity prevails—the petty distinctions of a savage age which form the present scales of society will disappear, and we shall no longer seek to be distinguished by mere wealth, and external advantages gained at the expense of the excessive labor of others, but for the supremacy in us of all that distinguishes us from the brutes; for all that saves toil, instead of increasing it, and that affords time to every man for the development of high moral and intellectual power. Distinction will be based upon good alone, and we shall know to our advantage that the law of the present is but a symbol. If God has given us superior abilities, we shall not glorify ourselves but Him, and hold them in trust for the good of mankind; and where ever superior worth and talent is recognised, there will be acknowledged the future noble.—*Albion News.*

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was led to believe, by domestic gossip, that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a young man of pleasing manners, and "top wit of his court," was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions. Entering his daughter's room suddenly one day, the Protector caught White on his knees kissing the lady's hand.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "May I please your highness," replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the lady's maids who happened to be in the room, "I have a long time courted that young gentleman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

"How now, lussy?" said Cromwell to the young woman, "why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you?" He is my friend, and I expect you to treat him as such."

"If Mr. White intends me that honor," answered the woman, with a low curtsy, "I shall not be against him."

"Say 'st thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell. "Call Goodman, this business shall be done presently before I go out of the room."

Goodman, the chaplain, arrived—White had gone too far to recede, and he was married on the spot to the young woman.—*Grolier's History of Cromwell.*

INTERMARRIAGES WITH RELATIVES.—Ought not parents to thoroughly instill into the minds of their children the great sin of the intermarriage of relatives? It is certainly a great sin, and why is it followed by evil results? Young ladies often thoughtlessly encourage their male cousins, by receiving attentions from them in something more than a cousinly way—love of conquest sometimes leads to bad results—and there is nothing sadder to the mind than the spectacle of the marriage ceremony, where cousins are to be wedded. We have known several such unions to terminate unhappily, or where hearts were united, blighting disease or terrible deformity have marred either parents or children.

Hear what the Editor of the *Fredericksburg News* says about the matter: "In the country in which we were raised, for twenty generations back, a certain family of wealth and distinction have intermarried with each other, and have found in three of them a sound man or woman. One has sore eyes, another scrofula, a third is idiotic, a fourth blind, a fifth with a head about the size of a turnip, with not one of the number exempt from physical or mental defects of some kind. Yet this family persevere to intermarry with each other, and these living monuments of their folly constantly before and around them."

It is often done ignorantly by the best people. Young people never reflect upon consequences, and old people are too avaricious to forbid a match where money is gotten.

Let the law reach it and it will then be stopped. We must add that the best medical authorities give assurance of the deteriorating effects of such marriages, both physically and mentally.—*Albion News.*

THE GAIT.—One may judge of the Spirit and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and manner of walking. He who pursues abstract thoughts, looks down to the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon some necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and even in his most musing moods observes things at hand sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot, or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions—of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life, sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring, looks rather above the heads of his fellow passengers, with a quick easy turn of his head, which he never takes off from his shoulders; his mouth is a little open, his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative